

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horse) fill vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth,
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:
I speake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but Rumour, who but onely I
Make fearful Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil't the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knownne Body to Anathomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour heere?
I run before King Harries victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong Hotspurre, and his Troopes,
Qvenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumord through the peasant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty ficke. The Postes come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-
wrongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere now?
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Eury minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heauen will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince Harrie slaine out-right: and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas. Yong Prince Iohn,
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir Iohn)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since Casars Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fro thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retelle from me.

Nor. Now Travers, what good tidings comes fro you?

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Tr. My Lord, Sir Iohn Umfreuil turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

Nor. Ha? Again:
Said he yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold?
(Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point,
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Travers
Giue then such instances of Loffe?

L.Bar. Who, he?
He was some hilding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduventure. Look, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a winest Vsurpation.

Say Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vgly Mask
To fight our party.

Nor. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?

Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.

Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.

But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'st it.

This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.

But in the end (to stop mine eare indeed)
Thou hast a Sight, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

Nor. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suspicion hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Infinit knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Digraace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gaind:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

Nor. Yet for all this, say not that Percies dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:

The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:

Not he, which fayer the dead is not aliue:
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes:

Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue
Sounds euer after as a fullen Bell

Remember'd, knolling a departing Friend:
L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene:

But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)

To Henrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth,

From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp,
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,

Euen to the dullest Peazant in his Canipe)
Being bruited once, rooke fire and heate away

From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes:
For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd

Which once, in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead

And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement, flies with greatest speede:

So did our Men, heavy in Hotspurres losse,
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,

That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)

Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester
Too soone a prisoner: and the furious Scott

(The bloody Douglas) whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slaine th'apparence of the King,

Can vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs: and in his flight,

Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out

A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster

And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full:
North. For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.

In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes
(Hauing bene well) that would haue made me sicke,

Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakened ioynts,

Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire

Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,

Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele

Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head;

Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach

The ragged't houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.

Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye;

And let the world no longer be a stage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine

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Reigne